Monks Moore,

Oct 3rd 1938

I never tried to write even; I did try to read
Judo, got halfway: then above
went to London – that was a
remarkable experience, but as it ah in
the papers, why waste it out again?
We left our clerks, some to take
refuge in trenches, others in the
Work Room. Felt very queer to be
flying back here – where a man
with gas mask awaited us, & another man
telling us to be ready to receive two
~~typists~~ refugees. This is already a
stale story, nor have I yet sorted out
the various emotions, of which the
residue is now anger & shame, on top of
sheer cowardly relief. Such, no more
of that. And I must begin to read
Judo again.

This is to salute you before you return

to the Roman wall. And what are
your feelings?

Here we stay, for another 10 days or so;
for I must start work; & want, & can. but
no doubt I cant, after so many distractions,
to take 10 days holiday at St Remy,
partly to see Rayen who was there: & a
team he lived in. But I believe
politics will bring L— now today,
a free man — free from the Ben Greet —
to London. And I've not the spirit to
pack up & go without him. Ain't I a
Craven?

I think I shall now read Merlin &
Cressida. It's a roaring, raving
Enemy, apples pelting down, &
the mark like a ~~wife~~ widow
tearing her hair. a Victorian
widow in a white veil.

Write a line, do: Oh & Greaves
send Gwen a Vita at St: afterwards to
L to see Harold, who was kept in London.

V

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

We both thought Elizabeth's letter very fine, & wish to congratulate her. A remarkable letter. May others follow suit!

Monk Moore, Oct. 13th. 1938

Now that was nice of you to write that letter. We came to pat. A damned headache:- too much Roger: nephew, visa Voyage: a dash to London - in that a headache that knocked the pen out of my hand & left me prone for any fly -

angry letter from enraged reader of 38 -- bothering demands for sympathy, criticism with I read this & that, sign this & that, I say all this & pricked me on I lay prone: & your letter gave me a lift. "So I haven't been an entire utter failure from start to finish up Ethel like me" - that was my reaction: I fastened gratefully on this word "staunch". Of course

Course I like praise of my books - to me. Just now so futile, so intolerably

Rota 2. 4. 63

airy & off the ground: but I like praise as
of my friendship much better, being in
that mood. Years ago, after a long
interrupted friendship, a man, one of my
oldest friends, said suddenly I was
the most faithful of friends. Never have I
forgotten that word, & here underline
it against my fracture: I was so proud

Well I want further Expatiate
on I'm still stupid and it dizzy &
blows cold I want more air to the
fires & at my head first on the
stream, nor sit in the garden: nor
better myself to read nor even think of these
Curved topiary. I'm sorry
you're delaying the walk. It should
be a hot July day with the
Mop cropping & a little boy
playing in the ruins. Also a white thorn tree.
but now we have a pasture & I don't
intend to be fixed in London
any more.

So thanking you for
your letter & pleasing the view
heat to look to! — what a look — V.

Oct 25. 38

52 Tavistock Square.
Tuesday.

I'm sorry, but we must start at dawn – should the sun rise – tomorrow. I travel over hooks & the Wash Coast: ending at night fall at Monk Horm. Then we stay till Saturday when there's my mother in laws 8th birthday party – the last I pretext. I'm glad you saw the Walk in a tempest, – Humphrey. I found afterwards we could have been thrown over – I want to hear the story. Oh must I read Enid Bagnold? For my sins, I thought Velvet a fake: but you know what an irregular cuckoo I am, how indefendable I am, especially about living fiction

9 Nov 38

E. F. D.

Wednesday
I think 9th
or I saw the
Lord Mayors
Coach.

No I'm not such a fool as you think.
I know a good book when I see one.
but I have to see it over & over again
before I see it. In fact that's how I
know a good book - that I have to see it 4
times at least. ~~It~~ Then after I decide
what I've only read one. And
one is it enough - Egbert to draw me
something steamy, like an iceberg
of which the roots are underwater.
It's a shape I haven't started. But I'll
send it back. for at the moment
I'm drawn. I'm working & worried.
do what the one of thinking Man
begin again? Can one buy it?
I'd like to read Stowe & piece it
together. What a rum writer!
I love intensely delightful that is to me,
a new combination - always a
thrill: & to me the only way of learning
myself how to

work – a boon I much need at the moment
when biography is still as a frozen
field on my pen.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

I'll send it one day very soon.

A rush here, owing to
publishing: the Crisis has
tangled us in a muddle.

What the use of reading
this – Leverrol – to my
old striped tiger cat,
with her growl & her claws &
her soft fur? I wouldn't go to
London very (a little) more to hear
Nadia, to (unwind) – but heard her a
the Wireless: Can't hear
music mixed with peerage.
& a supper at the Embassy.

Oh & thanks for Somerville
who cheered me after a fine
dust-up with one of the dons – Ever

1938

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Friday 25 Nov 1938

A bitter, black cold day, a to tell the
truth I was feeling very miserable.
I was walking down Regent Street,
thinking how can I face Leonard, who sent me
out to buy myself stockings, and my
Uncle's came down in the square; I
like horror of shops, especially intimate
underwear shops, took me so fast that I cannot
go in. But this grave weakness seemed
in the gloom, steel, ~~with~~ in the bare brown
failing November light. Still unpicked by
the Lambs or Stan, so profound in my
soul, that ... well I had at a bone
to throw to a dog, or a Bo to say to a
Goose; when suddenly from a bye street
there marched out, ahead of me, Yon gravely.
Yn were wearing a stone bag suit, a ^
grey felt hat. Yn were striding along

at first I thought with another woman. So I followed.
I did not like to interrupt. And then
I thought, with old Ethel would mind
if I did break in: And old Ethel would
put the fear of God in me - the courage of a
Cavalry Regiment. And I should buy my
forbearance - to overcome with love -
reverence for Ethel, - were that NYPL the wound
solve all my problems, I darted
after her. And oh God I wasn't her!
No, only a stranger. a mild elderly suburban woman.
Look a bus home; - how I hate, over the fire,
Cursing the ghost. Not her.
wasn't she? Did her send a
spirit to Rest Must to hearten me to
buy suspenders;
chant of this optimism? or
And did her get safe?
And have her ever read Chaucer?

V.

Rota 2.4.63